

## Default

# "Fuckin' Wit Banks"

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Ant Banks (spoken):

Oooh, goddamn, I'm glad you set it off

Ha ha, yeah, you know

Pooh-Man, big sucker, fat face fucker

So won't you just pucker up and suck the nuts of the

big, big badass nigga

Ant Banks, let's do this shit, you know

Let's do this shit, nigga

The big bad ass, yeah

(Ant Banks):

Enough is enough with this fake ass bullshit

My finger's on the trigger and I'm itchin' to pull it

Now let's see who's the first mark on my hit list

Is it Winnie the Pooh? No, it's Pooh-man, the big bitch

You're just a mark till you heart miss a piddy

Made another fake tape, and yet it sounds so shitty

So meet your maker, muthafucka, I made you

Put a quarter in your ass and I just played you, nigga

You frontin' like you rough and tough

But you was screamin' like a bitch when Hub socked  
that ass up

I know the real, nigga, you just a punk

And why you keep runnin' if you wanted some funk,  
nigga?

Fake gangster, you off by a long shot

Quick to get popped if I catch you on the wrong block

I keep a full clip up in my tank

And you'll get tossed by the boss when you fuckin' with  
Banks, nigga

Chorus:

Fuckin' with Banks

Yeah boy, you'll get mopped when you're...

Fuckin' with Banks

You get that ass socked up when you're...

(Ant Banks):

Three albums out, and they all on the flop list

See, you can't even rap, that's why your ass got  
dropped, bitch

Cuz the niggas I roll with is dangerous  
We don't let no fake niggas hang with us  
I break that ass off with no remorse  
You can't hang with the Banks, you better stay on the porch, nigga  
With your bitch ass voice, shit, you sound like a chipmunk  
Tryna be hard, you ain't nothin' but a big punk  
So give it up nigga, rappin' wasn't made for you  
And all that dissin' that you doin' can't fade me, Pooh  
You're just jealous and mad cuz I'm rollin'  
While my pockets stay fat from the cash I'm foldin'  
Your 'Judgment Day' done came and went  
With some local sales, but that ain't shit, nigga  
So you better keep fuckin' with dank  
And watch your back in the town while you fuckin' with Banks

#### CHORUS

(Ant Banks):

The world's biggest simp could never be a pimp  
His name is Pooh-Man, yeah word to the wimp  
He's a bitch ass nigga ya'll, take it from me  
Just a studio gangsta, he's fakin' to be  
An MC on the microphone, you better leave it alone  
You little wanna be Too \$hort clone  
There's only one little rap mack from the 'O'  
Who put your ass on the map, so dog, let him know

Too \$hort (spoken):

Fake ass nigga always wanted to be me  
I remember when I met that nigga in '84  
Bitchin' behind Racia  
Cuz I slapped that bitch down in my homeboy basement  
Nigga, the bitch was gettin' finger fucked by \$hort Dog  
She was supposed to be your bitch  
But she was lovin' me, nigga, you mark  
You still a mark, you know what I'm sayin'?  
That's why Little D slapped you at Eastmont Mall  
Fakin' like you was from the village  
Man, you ain't with it

(Goldy):

Pooh-Man you ain't shit, never been shit, never gon' be shit  
Remember Shorty The Pimp's tour, right?  
I was fuckin' a bitch and you was eatin' her pussy and suckin' my dick  
Mhisani, nicknamed Goldy, pullin' your bitch card

So ready to clown, my dick's hard  
You licked more tramps that P's got licks on a guitar  
Hip hop on the green, that's the weary part  
Banks put 'em up and called you out, but you ran cuz  
you's a scary mark  
Bitch nigga, switch hitter, is it the deuce or the nine?  
Hangin' in the village done got your car shot up,  
playin' both sides of the line  
Fuck you and that garbage that made your dopefiend  
father and hoe'n ass mother  
Tellin' everybody you from your mother's rotten pussy,  
called 'The Gutter'  
Jive signed you and dropped you  
Dangerous signed you and dropped you  
Paris signed you and dropped you  
Now I heard you went out on a rumor, snortin' hop

Ant Banks (spoken):  
Pooh-Man you a sucka, fat face fucker  
So won't you just pucker up and kiss the nuts  
Of the big, big bad ass, nigga  
You know, Dangerous Crew in the house, bitch  
Some of that old '94 shit  
We know ya can't fade it, bitch  
And we out of this bitch

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